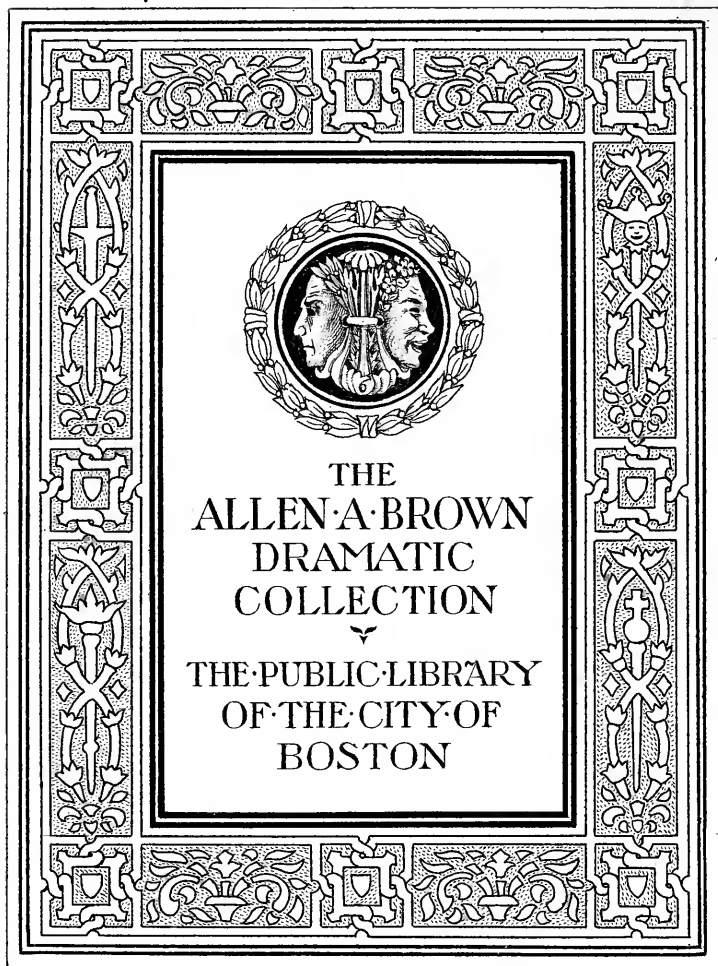
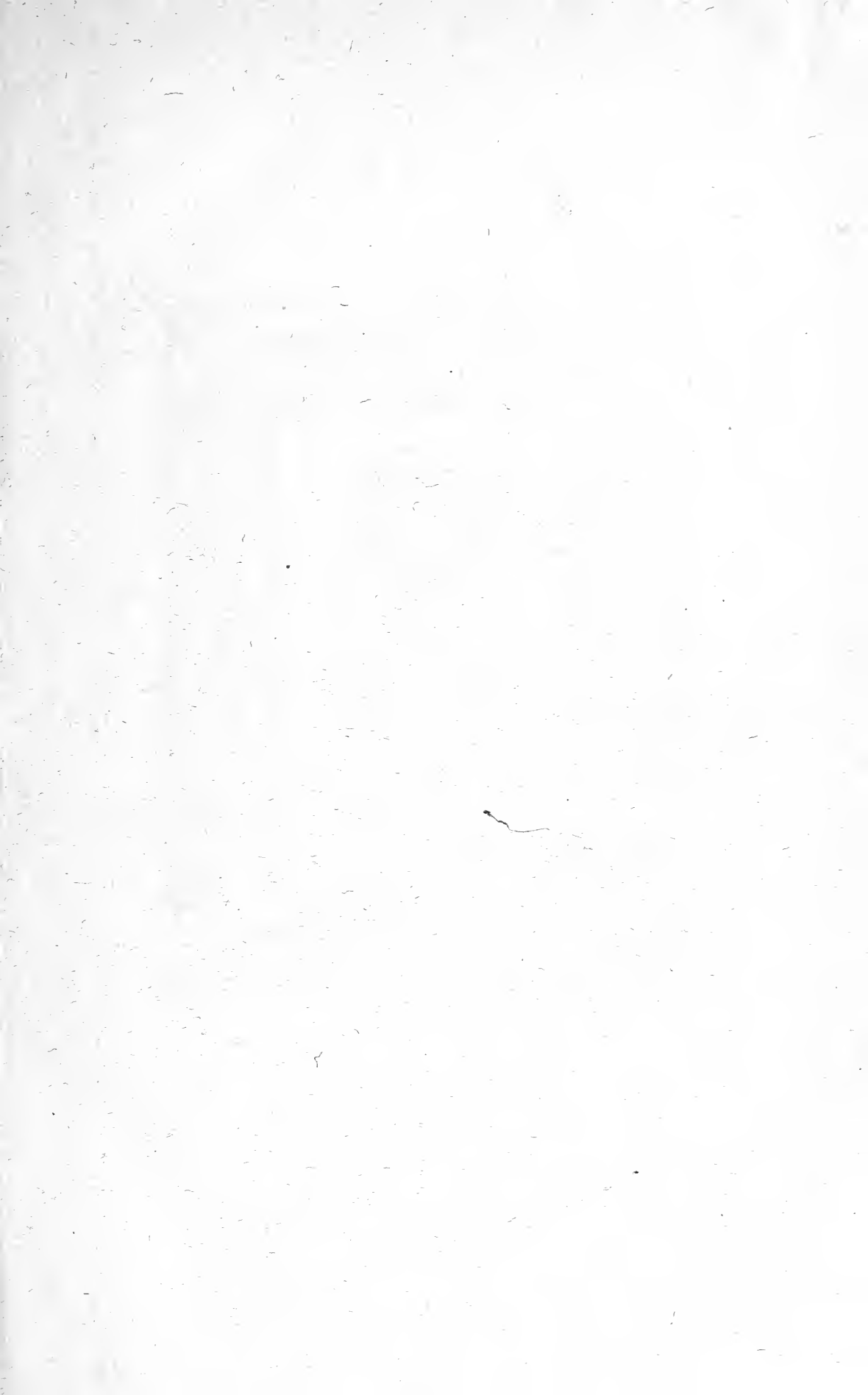


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EDMUND H. GARRETT · 1910 · OPUS · 65



SONGS,

CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

New Comic Pantomime,

CALLED

HARLEQUIN & FANCY;

OR,

THE POET'S LAST SHILLING.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

On TUESDAY DECEMBER 26, 1815.

London.

**PRINTED BY C. LOWNDES, MARQUIS COURT,
DRURY LANE.**

And Sold in the Theatre.

Price Ten Pence.

W. Reynolds

7,36

39

W. Reynolds

ALLEN A. BROWN

DEC. 17, 1909

W. Reynolds

W. Reynolds

W. Reynolds

W. Reynolds

W. Reynolds

Principal Rhetorical and Vocal Characters.

Distress'd Poet	Mr. HARLEY,
Whim	Mr. Minton,
Satire	Mr. Coveney,
Ghost of a Shilling	Mr. Cooke,
Apollo	Mr. Brown,
Hatter	Mr. Caulfield,
Landlord	Mr. Buggins,
Butcher	Mr. Jones,
Creditors, Messrs. Whilmshurst, Dibble, Clark, Cook, Oddwell, Mead, Wilson, Evans, Warner,	

Fancy, by - - - - - A young LADY,
(Her first Appearance on any Stage.)

Clio	Mrs. Taylor,
Melpomene	Miss Horribo,
Thalia	Mrs. Goodman,
Euterpe	Mrs. Coveney,
Terpsichore	Miss Buggins,
Erato	Mrs. St. John,
Calliope	Miss Lyon,
Urania	Miss Buggins,
Polyhymnia	Mrs. Chatterley,

Pantomime Characters.

Harlequin	Mr. HOPE,
Lover	Mr. EBSWORTH,
Pantaloon - <i>(first time at this Theatre)</i>	Mr. MAY,
Clown	Signor PAULO,
<i>(His first Appearance at this Theatre.)</i>	
Lottery Office-keeper	Mr. Jameson,
Sailor	Mr. Brown,
Hodge	Mr. Wells,
Greenwich Pensioner	Mr. Applby,
Chelsea Pensioner	Mr. Goodman,
Constable	Mr. Vials,
Beggar-woman	Mr. Seymour,
Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper	Mr. Newman,
Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper	Mr. Buxton,
Masquerade Warehouse-man	Mr. Cooper,
Cook	Mr. Hogg,
Old Clothes-man	Mr. Austin,
Post-man	Mr. Dean,
Patent Letter-maker	Mr. Billett,
Museum-keeper	Mr. T. West,
Watch-man	Mr. Chapple,
Crate-men, Messrs. Miller, Cullen, — Boardmen, Messrs West, Archer,	

Satyr, Masqueraders, Quadrupeds, Birds, &c.

Columbine	Miss TREE,
<i>(Her first Appearance in that Character.)</i>	
The Graces, Mrs BRYAN, Miss SMYTHERS, Miss HART,	
Waterloo Orphan, <i>(with a Military Hornpipe)</i>	Miss GLEDHILL,
Masquerade Ladies, &c. &c. Mesdms. Cooke, M. Cooke, Bates, Wells, Vials, Caulfield, Barrett, Bates,	

The Overture and Music composed by Mr. H. SMART.

The Dances produced under the direction of Mr. BYRNE,

The Scenes designed by Mr. GREENWOOD, and executed by
him and his Assistants.

The Machinery and Transformations by Mr. LETHBRIDGE,
Mr. MORRIS, Mr. SEYMOUR, and Mr. BRADBURY of Gloucester.

The Dresses by Mr. BANKS and Miss SMITH.

Embroideress and Decoratrice, Miss Robinson.

HARLQUIN & FANCY;

OR,

THE POET'S LAST SHILLING.

SCENE I.

A Poet's Garret.

PARODY.

POET.

THUS pensive as oft in my garret I've sate,
My last shilling produc'd on the table,
That Adventurer might a strange story relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.

(the Shilling appears animated.)

Is it fancy or magick has play'd me a freak?
The face seems with life to be filling;
It surely is speaking, or going to speak,—
It surely is—

Ghost. —Yes, I am going to speak—
Pay attention to me, thy last shilling!

Thy tragedy scribbling is but a poor trade,

But to-morrow all care thou shalt bury :

Write a Pantomime quickly, nay don't be afraid,—

In the int'rim spend me and be merry.

Poet—A Pantomime! must I degrade my poor muse—

Thy *silver* tongued dictates fulfilling—

If I do, I'll be——

Ghost,.....Hush! nor my council refuse,—

Farewell! thiuk of *me* thy last shilling.

Poet speaks.

Remember thee !

Aye, thou poor Ghost! but first, I must bethink me—

To write—and what to write,—that is the question;

Whether 'tis nobler in the bard to wield

The bowl and dagger of the tragic Muse,

Or to take arms against a host of critics,

And make a Pantomime (*symphony*) to fly—to run—

To jump, and by a jump to say we 'scape

From Pantaloon—the Clown—and every foe

That Harlequin is heir to—'tis a transformation

Devoutly to be wish'd—to change—to what—

For Mechanists may fail!—Aye there's the rub :

For in a Pantomime such tricks should come,

When we have shuffled off this upper dress,

As cost some thought(*symphony*, '*thoughts to council*'))

There's the respect

That makes a melo-drame so hard to act ;

For who would bend to Aristotle's rules,

The Author's toil—the Manager's controul—

The pangs of Parts refus'd—the Prompter's call—

The acumen of critics, and the scoffs

Which patient writers from the Papers bear,

When he, himself, might his own fortune make,

With a mere Magpie (*knocking*) soft you now, one
[knocks.
How is it with me, when every noise appalls—
The time has been——
That when we were in debt the man would wait;
But now they call again
With twenty Mortal Items in their Bills,
And push us for the Money,——

MUSICAL PARODY.

CREDITORS, *without.*

Poet!—Poet!—Poet!—Come away!

SOLO—POET.

Hark ! I'm call'd !
That little ugly looking Bailiff, see see ! see see !
Sits at yon ale-house door, and waits for me.
His legal voice I hear,
So frightful to mine ear,
At which I'll get away,
With all the speed I may.

Chorus without.

Where's Nabman? here! And Touch'em? here!
And Red tail too, and Special too,
We want but you, we want but you.

Enter Creditors.

Come away ! Come away ! come come come, come come
[come !

Come come, come away—make up your Accounts.

Hatter—Here's a Bill for a Hat.

Poet—Don't mention that—don't mention that.

Landlord—I must distrain.

Poet.....Pray call again.

Butcher—Here's chops and Steaks.

Milk-woman.....And Milk you've had here

Poet—These Cormorants will drive me mad here.

Chorus

Pray pay all these—pray pay all these, or fear the Bench

POET.

Hold ! Fortune aid me—do dear generous wench.

FANCY appears.

AIR—FANCY.

In air built palace where I dwell,

Of mortal plaint the sound I hear,

Still Echo seems the note to swell

In accents trembling on my ear,

On Fancy not Fortune the Poet should call ;

Good people nay ne'er be afraid ;

For once call again, and I promise you all

Shall fancy at least you are paid,

You shall.

Chorus,

I fancy we all shall get paid.

FANCY.

Leave your Tragedy jokes.

He's most wise who invokes

Great Harlequin's pow'r, to produce,

With Magical bat

Horse, Camel and Cat,

Dog, Elephant, Magpie and Goose,

You Goose.

Chorus.

Dog, Elephant, Magpie and Goose.

FANCY.

Ye brutes, there's the door,
 Fly!—now for some more;
 Master Poet, from sorrow be free,
 For this fanciful wand
 Shall your Garret expand,
 To—but just look around and you'll see.

And see.

POET.

This Fancy's the devil, dear me!

SCENE II.

Fancy's Museum & Menagerie.

FANCY.

First of my subjects rise, good Gaffer Whim,
 Be it your care to metamorphose him;
 Adieu! by his assistance you'll my plan see,
 In leaving Whim a Substitute for Fancy.

*Air and Chorus.***WHIM.**

Your Pen a Magic Sword behold,
 Shall change your Paper into Gold;
 While thus transformed I trust to you,
 To exercise this motley crew;
 Subjects, show your antics now,
 To Harlequino's Sceptre bow,
 Salute him as you all know how.

Chorus of Animals.

Whooh! whooh! ha ha! ho ho! bow wow!

WHIM.

But Harlequin must always prove;
 His Columbina's faithful love,
 Then take the best my art can get,
 Fly Magpie, fly, behold Annette:
 With Sylph-like form he'll thee endow,
 Trip it lightly, now now now,
 And Subjects sing as you know how.

Chorus of Animals.

Whooh! whooh! ha ha! ho ho! bow wow!

Yet hold ! to have, is still the rule,
 A Father, Lover, and a Fool ;
 'Tis then your care, my chosen three,
 To try the simplest who shall be ;
 Pursue, Escape, kick up a row ,
 Trip it lightly, now now now,
 And subjects sing as you know how.

Chorus of Animals.

Whooh ! whooh ! ha ha ! ho ho ! bow wow !

SATIRE appears.

Whim—How now !

Satire—I'll hunt your minions thro' the earth—
 My name is Satire,

Whim.....And the scourge of Mirth.
 Avaunt! wet-blanket!—kill-joy! owl-eyed fool !
 My children are too old to go to school.

Satire—Let 'em beware—if once in my dark den
 I catch them—

Whim.....Be so kind as stop till then;
 And, till my power ceases, crabbed elf,
 You'd better stay at home, and mind yourself.

Satire--'Tis well my friend! enjoy your transient hour,
 'Twill quickly pass—then tremble at my power.

SATIRE disappears.

WHIM.

Rejoice! my children, now now now.

Chorus of Animals.

Whooh! whooh! ha ha! ho ho! bow wow!

SCENE III.

State Lottery Office.

Blanks and Prizes.

Good luck well bestowed.

SCENE IV.

Lodgings at the State Lottery Office.

Magical Clock and Supper, &c.

SCENE V,

The Strand Bridge.

New mode of fighting.

Ill gotten goods fly away.

SCENE VI.

Sunset, and Sea View

Through

An Open Cave.

Storm and Shipwreck.

SCENE VII.

Exterior of Drury Lane Theatre.

Popular Sources of Attraction.

SCENE VIII.

Exterior of Covent Garden Theatre,

Ditto. Ditto.

SCENE IX.

A Masquerade Warehouse.

Festive Preparations, &c &c.

SCENE X.

Outside of Burlington House.

New flying Two-Penny Post Establishment.

SCENE XI.

Grand Interior of Burlington House,

As fitted up for the Fete, given to the Emperor Alexander

Characters out of Character.

Little Men and Great Men.

SCENE XII—*A Street.*

How to make a Man.

SCENE XIII—*A Kitchen.*

Animated Pictures.

SCENE XIV.

A Village in Kent.

Pantomime Volunteers.

SCENE XV—*Blackheath.*

Walkers stopped by Runners.

SCENE XVI.

Patent Letter Shop.

Not at Home.

SCENE XVII.

Inside of Patent Letter Shop.

How to spell.

SCENE XVIII.—*Rural Inn.*

Pursuit, &c.

SCENE XIX.

Outside of Waterloo Museum.

The Orphan of Waterloo relieved.

MILITARY HORNPIPE.

SCENE XX.

Inside of the Museum

Trophies of British Valour.

The Helmets, Cuirasses, Sabres, and Standard, exhibited in this Scene were taken on the field at Waterloo, and are kindly lent to the Theatre by the Proprietor of the Waterloo Museum, in Pall Mall.

SCENE XXI.

The Farm House at Waterloo, call'd

“ LA BELLE ALLIANCE. ”

Triumph of the British Lion over the Eagle.

SCENE XXII.

*Region of SATIRE.*SATIRE *speaks.*

Enough ! you merit our most stern reproof ;
 Fancy be rul'd, let fools no more display
 Their antic tricks, but sacred be this roof
 To Phœbus' glory and the Poet's lay :
 Th' Augean Stable cleanse of this vile crew,
 Who anger me and much discredit you.

PROCESSION OF EXCLUDED ANIMALS.

SCENE XXIII.
F A I R Y R E T R E A T,
 AND
 FOUNTAIN OF FANCY.

AIR—FANCY.

Folly, no more your pranks display,
 Give place to Phæbus' classic lay;
 Hence motley crew, your task is done,
 Like Spectres vanish at the morning Sun.

SCENE XXIV.
 THE
 COURT OF SHAKSPEARE.
 IN THE
 TEMPLE OF DRAMATIC GENIUS.

Grand Transparencies of Shakspeare,

SURROUNDED BY
 HIS PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

PROCESSION
 OF
 APOLLO, the GRACES, and the MUSES.

DANCE OF THE GRACES.

FINALE.

FANCY.

The Drama's true fathers we bring to your view,
 Yet Shakespear and Jonson were willing
 To laugh at a Joke, and we hope you'll laugh too,
 Nor oblige us to change our last Shilling.

Chorus.

The Drama's true fathers, &c.

FANCY.

'Tis Fancy's Petition before you we lay,
 Her prayer to concede pray be willing,
 For should you disapprove all our toil's thrown away,
 Then don't force us to change our last Shilling.

Chorus.

'Tis Fancy's Petition, &c.

FINIS.





